

A

REVIEW

OF THE

STATE

OF THE

BRITISH NATION

Tuesday, October 10. 1710.

IN My last, I took the Liberty to give you a general hint, of the Miserable Condition of this divided Nation, just at this Juncture especially — And I conceive my Reproof the more just at this time, because I am not only sensible of the Consequence, but an Eye-Witness to a great deal of the *Fact*.

In the Countries through which I have pass'd, I am an Eye-Witness to the Practice; every Honest Heart cannot but Bleed at the Sight of it, that has the least regard to the Good, the Welfare, and the Prosperity of his Country — A People Miserably Divided against themselves, in Consequence of which, their Destruction can-

not be far off; if Truth itself spoke right, and he told us true who cannot Lye — A Nation Bandyng in Parties one against another, Raving with Party Fury, mad with Rage, and burning with Envy one against another; what can it portend but their Destruction?

And what is the Strife? — Senseless Contention! Danger from one another! to the Church, to the Nation, to Liberty, to the Sovereign, all cry out of the Danger; every side pretend to heal the Wound, and save the Nation; and how? By pulling one another to pieces, by tearing one another's Throats out — Foolish People and unwise! Is there any danger but from your selves?

Selves? Any appearance of Harm, but from the very Quarrel you make about Harm?

—— You are Fighting about *falling out*, making Mischief upon pretence of Mischief

—— Hazarding the Kingdom for fear of Danger; and what follows?

To draw the Poor Innocent People in to one Side, and t'other Side, to Fight and Rage one against another; the Father against the Son, and the Son against the Father. You take a great deal of Pains on either Side, to persuade the Country you are right, and the other wrong; you Honest Men, and the other all Rogues—— And this on both Sides, *that* the People once possess'd, may diligently cut one another's Throats, in a Quarrel they have nothing at all to do with, and prove which Side are, or are not Honest Men or Rogues, when 'tis ten to one if in many Places, they may not be on both Sides alike.

And how do they bring the Country Freeholders and Electors to an Understanding in the Matter? —— *All like the rest*, all is Contradiction and Inconsistence, Nonsense, and, *which is worse*, Wickedness —— The Method they take to make the Poor People understand, *is by Robbing* them of their Understanding —— They appeal to the People; and that they may be good Judges, they Debauch their Judgments; Blind their Eyes, that they may see; make them Drunk, that they may come to a sober Enquiry into the Thing, and doze their Heads, that they may be steady in Discerning.

All the Arts and Engines imaginable are made use of, to bring the People to a wilful giving up themselves to Names and Parties, without Examining into Things, and into the Substance or Merits of the Debate; to this end they heat their Blood with Wine, foment their Passions by continued Reproachings, expose them to one another by studied Quarrels, and keep up Contention to bring in Peace —— No Man but he that sees these Things, *as this Author now to his Amusement does*, could believe it possible, that the Animosities of the People of this Nation, could in so short a

Time, and after such Views of the Danger these Things have formerly brought them to, be capable of such Inflammations; The Name of Peace is become a Scandal, Union is so abhorr'd among you, *for the sake of Scotland*, you can't love the very Word; the Animosities between us and the French, are trifles to this —— There we Fight like Men of War, and Men of Honour, give fair Quarter, exchange Civilities, and treat one another upon the Square.

But in *England*, we strive not like Men, but like Devils, like Furies; we Fight not as if we would kill one another only, but as if we would tear one another's Souls out of our Bodies; we Fight with all the Addition of Personal Envy, Revenge, Hellish Rage, Irreconcilable, implacable Malice —— *In War*, we make Declarations, and shew the Reasons of our Quarrel, and pretend a willingness to Peace; but here we assign no Cause, aim at no End, regard no Measures, and shew no Mercy.

Nor do we Fight with Clubs, as at *Marlow*, *Whit Church*, &c. with Swords and Staves, as at *Coventry*; with Stones and Brick-bats, as at but we Fight with the Poison of the Tongue, with Words that speak like the piercing of a Sword, with the Gall of Envy, the Venom of Slander, the Foam of Malice, and the Poison of Reproach, bitter Revillings, unsufferable Taunts, injurious Backbitings, and unmannerly Railings —— This is the present Temper of the People where I have been, and too much so all over the Nation, Wounding not Men's Bodies only, *that might be heal'd by a Surgeon*, but Stabbing their Reputation, Black'ning their Characters, Reproaching their Morals, ripping up all the Miscalriages of their Lives, and Wounding their Families, without any regard to Truth, to Honour, or to the great Duty left by our Saviour upon us all;

Quod tibi fieri non vim, alteri ne feceris;

And all this to make Peace! to settle the Nation! to Establish the Queen! to Maintain the *Hannover* Succession! Was ever
any

any thing so Absurd? Was ever any thing so Contradictory? — Are not Malice and Slander, Revenge and Reproach, the Off-spring of Hell, Born of the Evil, and of an Infernal Nature? Do these tend to the Establishment of the Church, to the Supporting the Queen, to the carrying on the Nation's Peace? *Go ask the Queen*; Her Majesty will tell you, she desires the Union and Conjunction of her Subjects, to Defend her against the Usurping Pretensions of her Enemies; it cannot be, that her Majesty can expect any thing from this Temper, but Confusion among her Subjects, Dissolution to her Government, and Danger to her Person.

The King of France is a wise Prince; well might he gather new hopes, and promise himself a new Scene of Things, from this Change; it was our Harmony that Ruin'd him, our Peace at Home, carry'd on the War Abroad, our Fighting less here, made us Fight so well there — There is no doubt to me, that he takes his Measures right; the Duke of Marlborough is doing nothing — He may go on, and make Campaign after Campaign, take Town after Town, gain Victory after Victory — *The French may afford it* — But if we go on thus at Home, the King of France will make another kind of Campaign of it — We beat an Army, he beats a Kingdom; we take a Town, he'll take a Nation — Our Confusion at Home is more his Advantage, than our Victories Abroad are his Loss, and he'll Conquer us sooner by Dividing us, than we can Conquer him by Fighting.

I am persuaded our People want nothing but to see what they are doing; to be told the Consequences of this, at London, we are Divided about the Management of Affairs, putting out Old Ministry, and putting in New — And even that Division looks with an Aspect Melancholy enough — But I am persuaded, neither New or Old Ministry are appriz'd of the Excesses, to which the Spirit of Division has run Things in the Country — Men of Office have been put out before now, and other Men have been put in before now, and Managements have still gone on, the Nation has suffer'd no Convulsion; but let any Man tell me, where the Spirits of Men were agitated on both Sides, as they are now?

Even our Civil War here, tho' Bloody and unnatural enough, was not carry'd on with such a Spirit of Fury, as is now to be seen; *Rogue and Villain* are in the Mouths of our Men of Manners; and as *Salust* tells us of *Caesar's* Conspiracy, when his Men came to Fight, Rage and Fury was to be seen in the Countenances of the Men on both Sides.

Doubtless God, who Governs the World which he has made, and who in his wise Providence, Directs and Guides every Action to be a Means to some End, has determin'd some extraordinary Event from this strange Phenomenon; and Mens Minds cannot bear this Fermentation, without some Eruption, that, like *Atna*, must put the whole Country into Confusion.

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Printed for and sold by John Baker at the Black-Boy in Pater-Noster-Row. 1710.